



PAUSANIAS

AND

AURORA.

By Juan Perez de Montalvan.

Translated by Thomas Stanley.



DIONYSIUS the Sicilian Tyrant had a Daughter, for her celestial Beauty named *Aurora*, not more fair than unfortunate; and scarce had she compleated the last Years of her Infancy, when Heaven was pleased to let her know that she was beautiful, by eclipsing her Fortune. For Nature, as if she esteem'd Beauty a Crime, and not her own Image, doth for the most part punish it: The Mother of *Aurora* died, and *Dionysius*, altho' the Loss of his Wife gave him no real Resentment,

expressed in feign'd Tears how extreamly he lov'd her; but within a few Days discovered the Hypocrisy of his Grief, receiving in her Place *Arminda*, an *Italian* Lady of Quality, but not worthy of that Crown, because he had many Years before kept her as a Mistress. She was of a lively Spirit, witty and fair; but of a Disposition so harsh, that she gain'd little upon the Affections of the People, bearing such Command over her Husband's Actions, that she permitted not any thing to pass in the Kingdom, without first consulting her Pleasure; a Care proper to such of small Worth, as make Ostentation of the Power they enjoy, that by this Means they may dissemble their low Beginnings; but the Success proves contrary, in regard the Injur'd, by Murmur and Complaints, discover more than was imagin'd. *Aurora*, considering that to permit such Excess were to lend Wings to her Pride, advis'd her not to rely with so much Confidence on her Father's Affection, since it was not impossible that it might fail, and then would she fall lower for not having treasured the Good-will of his Subjects: Adding, moreover, that she should remember what she was formerly, that she might not vainly be transported with her new Estate. These Words so incens'd *Arminda*, that from thence forward she plotted *Aurora's* Death; and to effect her Desire, made

Dionysius

Dionysius believe that she was jealous, telling him he lov'd his Daughter so passionately, for being the Picture of the dead Original; since as the Phoenix leaves her Ashes to perpetuate her Succession, so Affection useth to leave some living Pledges to preserve its Memory; and certainly, the Neglect he sometimes express'd towards her, was occasioned by that dead Love pictur'd in the Beauty of *Aurora*. *Arminda* urg'd this so earnestly, that *Dionysius* making Impiety a Compliment, resign'd his Daughter's Fault into her Hands, allowing her in this Cause to be both Judge and Party. Love, the common Excuse of all Extravagance, did not here acquit *Dionysius*; for a Man is not oblig'd to despise the Pledges of his Blood for a Woman that dissembles when she weeps, and weeps when she pleases. *Arminda* was satisfied, so that *Aurora* were in some remote Place out of her Sight; whereupon her Father commanded her to depart out of *Sicily*, chusing rather to live without a Daughter, than displease a Wife; such was the Affection of a blinded Lover, the Rashness of an unnatural Father. They convey'd the fair Princess to a little Island, seated betwixt (the two Promonories) *Pelorus* and *Pachynum*, which seem'd as a Garland of Flowers in the *Tyrrhen* Sea; it was done privately to avoid the Mutiny of the People, who lov'd her

for her Beauty and her Vertue : He order'd
 a select Number of Servants for her At-
 tendants, with forfeiture of Life to any who
 should discover that *Aurora* resided in that
 narrow Palace. The discreet Lady did,
 with much Wisdom, bear her Father's Un-
 kindness, diverting her Mind now with the
 Musick of the little wanton Birds, which
 hearing her Name thought it ever Morning,
 and sung continually : Now with the plea-
 sant Wind, which, sporting upon the
 Smoothness of the Chrístial Sea, did amorous-
 ly disquiet it : Now with reflecting upon her
 own Misfortunes, for the Unhappy are often
 recreated with the same thing that afflicts
 them : Now with the Ladies that attended
 her, especially with *Celia*, who being of
 the same Age and Kindred well deserv'd
 her Privacy ; but when all fail'd, and no-
 thing could delight her, she took an Instru-
 ment, which, in her Hands, might boast it
 was not dumb ; and, weeping, sung thus :

When will arrive the Day,
 Which must my Life and Sorrows terminate,
 That angry Fortune may
 (The Tyrant Goddess of all humane State
 Her Cruelties fulfilling)
 By one kind Death thus make an end of killing.

When .

and A U R O R A

7

When shall my troubled Years
Be to a verdant Grave of Flowers restor'd?
My Injuries, my Fears,
Too little meritted, too much deplor'd?
When shall my just Complaint
From equal Heaven receive a full Restraint?

Now I am thrown thus low,
What more can be desir'd by cruel Fate;
No Hope my sad Thoughts know,
Of reinjoying their past happy State:
Oh my afflicted Mind!
Death, would'st thou come, a Welcome thou shalt find.

With Patience forlorn,
I pass the Months, the Years in Solitude,
The Evening and the Morn:
In vain my Hopes thus striving to delude,
My Tears I constant keep,
And as I am *Aurora*, daily weep.

When the Rebellious Sea,
Arm'd with Snow, strives to subdue this Rock,
It seems my Misery,
At once kindly to warn, and rudely mock:
For so the Destinies
My Life each Minute offer to surprize.

Soon

Soon as the Morn appears,
 And ushers in with dubious Light the Day,
 My real Sorrow wears
 So true a Shade of Death, that I betray
 My Reason to that Dream,
 And (though awake) dead to myself do seem.

All Things within my View,
 All Things that grow and thrive by Nature's Care,
 My Sorrows do renew :
 For by successive Change they better'd are,
 But to me Fortune still
 Is therefore constant, because she first was ill.

This Tree, from *January*
 No Livery but the hoary Frost receives,
 Yet *May* its Dress doth vary,
 Proudly adorning it with painted Leaves ;
 Unto the fruitful Plain,
 What *August* stole, *April* restores again.

This Sea sometimes enrag'd,
 Swells up in Christal Mountains to the Skies,
 Yet often is asswag'd :
 But only I in constant Miseries,
 Confin'd to endless Grief,
 Expect no Liberty, nor hope Relief.

Aurora

Aurora clos'd this sweet Musick with so many Sighs and Tears, that he must have had a Soul truly insensible, that could hear her without Compassion. One Evening as she entertain'd herself with the present Prospect of the Sea, she saw a Man struggling with the Waters, and breaking the Waves, though he relyed more on the Mercy of a Plank, than the Strength of his Arms, endeavouring to recollect his fainting Spirit, till he might approach the Shore for Preservation of his Life. *Aurora* mov'd with a noble Pity, and tender Fear to have him die before her Eyes, commanded those few that attended her, to relieve him: Who putting to Sea in a little Skiff, took him up and treated him most carefully; (for so *Aurora* had commanded them) besides, the Person and Civility of *Pausanias* (for that was his Name) mov'd them to Respect and Affection. Being recover'd from his rough Usage, (which had caus'd him to vomit much Water) he shar'd amongst them some Jewels, which he had preserv'd from the Sea in his late Danger; telling them that he was nobly descended, and that until he saw his Fortune amended, it was necessary for him to live conceal'd, and therefore desir'd the Company to accept of his Service, for that possibly hereafter it might not repent them of that Favour. His Gold and Person had purchas'd the Affection of those that
heard

heard him : They return'd Thanks for the Compliment, promising to serve him to the utmost of their Power. *Pausanias* was glad, conceiving he might securely continue there, without being known ; for that Island was little acquainted with other, than the watchful Guardians of that Beauty, which so unjustly suffer'd : Going forth one Night when the bright Moon with her Beams enlightned the Wood, he heard a Voice that with a chearful Sweetness thus related its Grief to the Birds and Waters :

From th' early Dawn until the Sun retire,
In these Woods and Hills my Grief expire;
My Eyes with boundless Rivers over-flow,
Like troubled Fountains murmuring at my Woe :
Perpetual Miseries I still deplore,
As they are mine : But as immortal more.
What is't by Nature Beauty's Wealth to own,
If to these Woods confin'd I live alone :
Or that my Eyes have Power to kill with Love,
If near me none but Birds and Beasts do move ?
Too cruel Heaven that know'it my Innocence,
Or with my Sorrows, or my Life dispence.
Thou to torment me dost forbid me die,
For Death is pleasing unto Misery :

Let those that happy are enjoy their Breath,
The Wretched never live but in their Death.

To each dull Hour that slides through lazy Day,
My Griefs, or Memory of Griefs, I pay.

Thus

and A U R O R A.

Thus live I, only pleas'd with this Relief,
Death is the latest Remedy of Grief.

For Patience fails where th' injur'd Soul sustains
The Rigour of unintermitted Pains.

Pausanias was astonish'd as well at the
Sweetness of the Voice, as to hear it in so
strange a Place, wond'ring who it could be,
whose Soul so feelingly deplored its own
Misfortunes: And as well that he might not
be ungrateful for the Favour he received,
(though he were ignorant from whom) as to
try, if by this Means he might come to
know the divine Owner of so sweet a Har-
mony, to the suspence of the list'ning Nigh-
tingales he sung this Song.

Torment of Absence and Delay,
That thus afflicts my Memory,
Why dost thou kill me every Day,
Yet will not give me Leave to dye?

Why dost thou suffer me to live?
All Hope of Life in Life denying?
Or to my Patience Tortures give,
Never to dye, yet ever dying?

To Fair *Narcissa's* brighter Eyes,
I was by Love's Instruction guided,
A Happiness I long did prize,
But now am from their Light divided.

Favours and Gifts my Sute obtain'd,
 But envious Fate would now destroy them;
 Which, if to lose, I only gain'd,
 What greater Pain than to enjoy them?

The same Wonder which before seiz'd
Pausanias, surpriz'd *Aurora*, knowing none
 of her Servants were of such extraordinary
 Parts, or could so sweetly complain of the
 insupportable Torment of Absence. *Au-*
rora inquisitive to know, and incited by the
 Curiosity that is incident to Women, was
 desirous to see the *Orpheus* of those Rocks:
 But the Shadow of the Trees, the Distance
 of Place, and above all, the Regard of her
 Quality which detained her, repress'd this
 Desire, so that she deferr'd it till some other
 Time; and calling one of her Attendants,
 demanded of him, if there dwelt any in that
 Wood, besides those that came with her
 out of *Sicily*. The Servant answered, she
 forgot him, whom not long since she com-
 manded them to succour, seeing him in
 Danger of his Life. *Aurora* asked, if he
 knew who he were? He replyed, he knew
 no more than that he had said he was called
Pausanias, concealing his Quality and
 Country, yet could assure her, that he
 seem'd to be of noble Parentage, or at least
 his Person and Spirit deserv'd to be so.
Aurora would not enquire further, least her
 Curio-

Curiosity might breed some Suspicion; and although it be true, that none can love what he never saw, or convers'd with; yet Fame, Vertue, and Desert incite a Desire to see whether that satisfy the Eye, which had by the Ear affected the Soul. We will not say *Aurora* was in Love, though her Solitude might require it, her Greatness would not consent to it: Yet she had a Desire to know the Man so well qualify'd.

Pausanias soon seconded this Desire, for not enquiring the Mystery inclosed in the Palace, he continued to frequent the Place where he first heard her: And *Aurora* had the Opportunity many Evenings of seeing him pass by with such a Grace as might endanger the Liberty of one less restrained than she was: For the Afflictions of Love are not for those that have other Misfortunes to resent. *Pausanias* could not behold the Fair *Aurora*, the Windows and Lattices debarr'd him her Sight, neither would he discover himself to those he convers'd with; supposing, that since they kept their Business so private, the Secrecy much concern'd them, and therefore he conceal'd what he desir'd: For it is a Rule of Discretion to know no more of any Man than he is willing to communicate. Nevertheless, desisted not to prosecute his Intentions, hoping he might find Opportunity to see that sweet Syren. The Morning often found him under

her Window, not knowing whom he court-
ed, loving in Ignorance; yet confident
more than a private Lady was within those
Walls. Before the Palace he us'd several
Pastimes and Recreations, that he might
thereby obtain a Sight of the Goddess whose
Voice had enchanted his Soul.

Pausanias had good Success in all Things,
having been brought up in the Exercise of
Arms, he hunted the wild Beasts of that
Wood so fortunately, that he made their
Deaths acknowledge him Master of their
Strength and Fury. There was not any in
the Palace but applauded his Gallantry;
only *Aurora* was perplex'd at his Perfections;
for every Day he increas'd her Affection,
by new Deserts. And although she lik'd all
she saw in him, yet the Inequality she con-
ceiv'd was betwixt them displeas'd her Dis-
cretion, those that disparage themselves be-
ing unexcusable. Hereupon she advis'd,
whether it were not expedient to have him
kill'd; for when a mean Person may occa-
sion extraordinary Mischief, his Death is es-
teemed Mercy: But she could not attempt
it in Earnest: For, to take away the Life of
those we love, because we love them, is no
good Reason in the State of Affection; she
would have him depart the Island, but im-
mediately she repented: For it is hard to
put that out of Sight which is imprinted in
the Mind: In Effect, seeing that to kill
him

him were Cruelty to *Pausanias*, to banish him Tyranny to herself, she resolv'd to divert her Sadness, passing her solitary Hours with more Delight; and that he might never know that it was she that lov'd him, she exchanged Names with *Celia*, to whom she imparted the Plot, that she might assist her in Pursuit of it, and with her Name dissembling her Quality, she resolv'd to give Entertainment to this new Affection, until she might know who he was that had won so much upon her Heart.

Aurora might safely have admitted to her Greatness the Affection of *Pausanias*, for he was sole Heir to the King of *Macedonia*; and being enamoured of the Fame of *Aurora's* Beauty, which Verses and Pencils had extoll'd, whilst other Princes by Ambassadors solicited her Marriage, resolv'd that his Fortune should rely upon his own Diligence, and by going to *Sicily* to be both the Agent and the Lover: This Desire made him put to Sea, and forsake his own Country; such is the Power of a noble Resolution, so did the imagined Beauty disquiet the Prince's Mind, and attract his Will and Freedom, that he expos'd his Life to the Peril of the Waves, and his Greatness to a mean Lodging of Planks and Canvas, to see if Truth were correspondent to Fame. But he was less fortunate than adventurous; for one Evening the Sea being angry, or weary to sustain
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the Weight of so high a Majesty in so little Room, begun to rage furiously, so that the valiant Prince's Life was in Danger; the Heavens were darkned, and the Air so turbulent, that the Company expected every Minute should end their Lives, and without Thought of saving themselves made him leap into the foaming Sea, fearing some worse Event; and by embracing a Plank, to use the most difficult Means for his own Safety: Thus pass'd he two Days befriended by the Weather, at length arriv'd so near the Island, that *Aurora* could relieve, and after love him so extremely as we see.

She resolv'd at last to speak with him, but under the feigned Name of *Celia*, which Desire was encreased by *Pausanias*; for one Night he amorously sung these Verses upon the Curiosity of his Love.

What would'st thou have unquiet Breast?

What is it thus disturbs thy Rest?

Say not thou lov'st, it cannot be,

Who never didst deserve or see.

Love, where the Mind out-strips the Eye,

Is only Curiosity.

But thou wilt say, why dost pursue

Thine own disquiet then? 'tis true;

And though this only Care express

Of an imagin'd Happiness,

Desire to see doth ever prove

A sure Preparative to Love.

An Object so divine I frame
Within my Breast, as doth inflame
My captiv'd Mind: I love, subdue,
Desire, oblige, hope, and pursue,
Resign my Liberty, bestow
My Soul on one I do not know.

And thus can Master be of none,
For I no longer am mine own.

As soon as *Pausanias* had made an End,
Aurora call'd to him and said, (though with
some Difficulty, by reason that the Balcon's
were very high) that he might Leave his
Curiosity, and profess Love: For his Ad-
dresses were not unacceptable. *Pausanias*
remain'd contented with this Favour, since
although he had never seen the Bestower,
yet at least his Affections were not so ill
plac'd as he before imagined; and seeing it
was not possible to speak to her, he deter-
min'd to write, transferring his Thoughts
to the Pen, which useth to be the discreet-
est Tongue, expressing more than is felt.
The Letter was short (though the Subject
did not require it) to leave her with the De-
sire of receiving another: And thus it said:

M A

MADAM,

I May justly say you are obliged to favour me, having cost me infinite Cares, without any Recompence, although ever since the last Night I have presum'd to be more fortunate, and so am resolv'd to die rather importunate than bashful: For my Birth is noble, and will not suffer me to fly from any Attempt. That which I now desire, is to see you, if perhaps my Love have merited it; and since Heaven suffers itself to be lov'd, and you appear such, be like it in Condition as in Beauty: For if your Beams inflame me, it is but Justice I should know the Sphere from whence they come.

Pausanias repaired thither as he used to do, and having first courted her with a Song, which he had compos'd that Day, as well sung as penn'd, he shew'd her the Paper, saying it was a Piece excellent for Musick, and that he should be extream glad to hear it set to the Gittar. *Aurora* understood him, and was pleas'd with the Deceit, because that which otherwise would have appear'd Lightness, now past for Civility, (for there are some so discreet in what they demand that by encouraging the Crime, they seem to excuse the Fault) and throwing down

down a String of Pearl, *Pausanias* return'd it more weighty than before: *Aurora* read the Paper, and in Part to satisfy his Expressions, desiring him to expect a while, commanded *Celia* to write, not that she could not herself, (for she was extreamly accomplish'd in every Thing) but for the Danger might ensue, if her Hand were known; and betwixt them both they fram'd this Answer:

THat you may not, when you return Home to your Country, accuse the *Sicilian* Ladies of Ingratitude; since your Desire is so reasonable, as the Sight of a Woman, I will perform what you require me; though then your Eyes will contradict your Fancy; for it is certain, that I am fairer in your Opinion now, than I shall be afterward: I am call'd *Celia*, and attend a Lady of Quality that lives in this Castle: She and I will be To-morrow in this Place, so that you may then see me; be of good Courage, and thank me for being so soon quit of your Love, if that can be Love, which hath past no further than Imagination: I only entreat you to keep this Indiscretion secret, and to tell me your Name, Estate, and Quality, for it imports us both.

Pausanias kiss'd the Paper, and read it often: For a Lover is never satisfied at the first,

first, and the Day following went to see what he so much desir'd. *Aurora* had commanded her Servants to retire to another Quarter of the House, and being alone with *Celia*, caused her to attire herself richly, and she stood beside her. *Pausanias* beholding, was exceedingly ravish'd, in Regard his Fancy had come short of the Truth; for *Celia*, besides her slender Shape, was of a pleasing Beauty; but her Lustre was eclips'd by *Aurora's* Presence, whose Eyes were Spheres of Light, her Forehead a Plain of Lillies, her Hair the Riches of *Arabia*; in her Cheek Roses, her Mouth Pearls, her Neck of Alabaster, her Breasts of Snow, and Hands of polish'd Ivory; she was attir'd in green Tabby, wrought with Gold, so that she appear'd like a Diamond enchas'd in Emeralds, her Gown Sky Colour, laid with black Buttons and Loops: In a Word, she was altogether Divine, her Perfections many, and her Years few. *Pausanias* was much astonished, yet fearful the Sea should see her, lest he should woe her for one of his watery Deities; and thanking his own Perseverance, he determin'd to gain her that had got his Soul, though at the Expence of a long Absence from his Country: For he found that the Picture of *Aurora* that he had seen was far unequal to the Divine *Celia*: He esteem'd the Time well employ'd that he had spent in adoring those

those Walls, since within them he had found so much more than Expectation had promised.

Whilst *Pausanias* enjoy'd these Favours, passing the Night with them, and the Day with Hopes, it happened that *Dionysius* sent for one of those that waited on *Aurora*, and threatned him, that if either through his or his Fellows Fault, it should be known where his Daughter was, they should instantly die a shameful Death. With this Fear he returned to the rest, and gave them Notice how much it concerned them that *Pausanias* would quit the Island, since he might easily at one Time or other, as he walked in the Wood, see the Princess, and occasion all their Ruins: So easy is it, replied another, that I think he pretends, if he have not already effected it: For I have observ'd, that he looks up very intently to those Balcones; and she hath enquired of me who he is; and if he persist, he must of Necessity come to know her, and we to lose *Dionysius's* Favour. In Effect, Fear overcame them, and all agreeing that he should not continue there, they advertis'd him that it concern'd his Life to absent himself.

Pausanias wondred at their sudden Resolution, and after many Conjectures began to suspect that without Doubt some one of them lov'd *Celia*, and would use that Means to secure

secure his Jealousy or Envy : and thereupon he determin'd to speak to them all, that he might satisfy him who conceiv'd himself injur'd, and to beseech them again not to offer him so great a Discourtesy, as to constrain him to depart the Island, until such Time as he had News of his Servants, whose Lives perhaps the Sea had pardoned. He plainly perceiv'd how difficult it was to reclaim them, seeing those that before so kindly entertain'd him, now behold him distastefully (for ill Will is discover'd by the Eyes, Countenance, and Carriage) and one Morning finding them altogether, he said to them :

“ Gentlemen and Friends, my Birth is
 “ noble, and though I live where I am un-
 “ known to all but myself, I do not think
 “ any here can complain of my Demean-
 “ our, for Men of my Parentage receive
 “ not Benefits unthankfully, (Ingratitude
 “ and Nobleness differing as Night and
 “ Day) I came to this Island, or to say bet-
 “ ter, my Fortune threw me here, not un-
 “ happily, since in it I have found both
 “ Protection, and Friends. Here I have
 “ liv'd a while, endeavouring to satisfy to
 “ my Power, though not to my Desire,
 “ the Favours I have receiv'd from all :
 “ But it seems I have not sufficiently ex-
 “ press'd myself ; since when I think you
 “ most my Friends, you threaten me with
 “ Death

“ Death unless I depart : I have enquired
 “ what might be the Reason, but indeed
 “ can find none, unless some one of you
 “ being jealous, incites the rest to this Vio-
 “ lence : Which if it be so, he ought to
 “ consider, that a Man doth not offend,
 “ unless he know that he injures ; for he
 “ who through Ignorance or Innocence sol-
 “ licits that whereunto another hath right,
 “ can only then be said to offend, when
 “ after he knows the Truth he pursues his
 “ Wish ; and so to have survey’d this
 “ Castle, with a Desire to see what it in-
 “ clos’d, or by Curiosity to have obtain’d
 “ that Sight cannot disquiet any one ; for
 “ before this Present I knew not that it
 “ would give Offence ; and if I conceive
 “ aright, there is more than one Goddess
 “ inhabits there ; so that none hath Reason
 “ to complain of me, because I neither in-
 “ jur’d him out of Malice, nor can he know
 “ to which I am inclin’d.

Pausanias thought by this to have ap-
 peas’d and satisfied them, but the Event
 was contrary, for the Knowledge of this
 Secret being their greatest Fear, they need-
 ed no other Information to draw their
 Swords, and assault his Life. But before
 they could dispatch it, *Aurora* and her Gen-
 tlewomen hearing the Noise, saw the trea-
 cherous Mischief they intended to a single
 Stranger, and forgetting her Greatness, (for
 Love

Love considers not Quality, when that which is esteemed is in Danger) sent to command them all to desist, and inform her of their Quarrel; who coming before her, related what Charge her Father had given them, adding, that *Pausanias* for certain either had already, or else meant to speak with one of the Ladies that attended her Highness; which might give Occasion to discover what *Dionysius* intended to keep so secret, that none but Heaven and themselves should know, and therefore to excuse the Danger that threatned them, it was necessary to take away his Life.

“ It would be (reply’d *Aurora*) Impiety
 “ in me to consent to it, and Treachery in
 “ you to effect it, because I am informed
 “ you have received Courtesies from this
 “ Gentleman, and there is no Reason you
 “ should take away his Life, whom you
 “ yourselves confess to be of such estimable
 “ Parts; especially for that which may be
 “ remedied without Blood. I understand
 “ that *Pausanias* saw one Night one of my
 “ Women, whom either for the Novelty,
 “ or Opportunity he courted, and she (I
 “ think) heard him not unwillingly; for
 “ this Reason it concerns me that he stay no
 “ longer in this Island; and since his Absence is sufficient to secure you, I take
 “ that and your Danger upon myself, for
 “ *Pausanias*

“ *Pausanias* is a Gentleman, and can conceal what he hath seen.

With these Hopes they were satisfied, and *Aurora* remained in a thousand Perplexities: For she lov'd him so passionately, that there would be but little Difference betwixt losing him and her own Life. And indeed so powerful was his Discourse and Conversation, that although he had been less worthy of her Beauty, yet to see and hear him would beget Affection: And at last she became so resolute, that it would have grieved her to have been freed from her Prison, if she should thereby be depriv'd of his pleasing Conversation: For Women, when they once fall in Love, are sensible neither of Pains or Misfortunes which befall them in the Company they affect: Wherefore she considered by what Means she might comply with her own Affection, and her Servants Fear. To keep him there against all their Wills were to hazard her Honour, and to give her Enemies an Occasion of a more severe Revenge. Having first advis'd with *Celia*, she writ a Letter, wherein she informed him of what had pass'd, entreating him affectionately to preserve his Life, and to prepare for Departure, two Things in Appearance contrary. When Night was come, the fair Princess went forth to take Leave of *Pausanias*, and delivering him the Letter, with a little Silver Cabinet wrapt in

Taffata, not having Power to speak, she withdrew herself, to lament her ensuing Misfortunes. *Pausanias* also retir'd, through the Suspicion of the late Quarrel, and kissing the Signature, which said, *Your Celia*, he read it with much Fear, on this Manner :

SIR,

I Have had much Care for you this Day ; I saw you draw your Sword, and I assure you it troubled me : I think it was Love, yet unfortunate, since it must die as soon as born. We are both the Cause of it, because I guess our Affection hath been discovered. My Birth is more noble than you imagine, and it concerns us both that you immediately absent yourself, that you lose not your Life, nor I my Reputation. Believe me, I am very sensible of it, for in a Word, I love you, and must lose you. You may comfort yourself with this Thought, that it was impossible I should ever have been yours, not for Love to any other, but for my Quality too transcendent. I send you here a thousand Crowns to serve you in your Journey, with a Knot of Diamonds and Emeralds, which I did sometimes wear at my Breast, that in your Country you may remember it was mine, and its owner yours.

Having read and deplor'd the rigorous Sentence of his Death, he resolv'd precisely
to

to obey all that *Aurora* in it had commanded ; and to let her know some Part of his Regret, he took the Pen, and return'd this Answer :

I Should have esteem'd it a Happiness if to Day I had received Death by my Enemies (since such they were) that I might not have expected it from your Hands : Before the Morning's Light breaks forth, I will absent myself from yours, that you may say I knew how to love and to obey you : What I would not do for my own Life, I will for your Honour : I cannot express what I feel because I write perplexed, and can ascertain nothing ; only I assure you my Blood is so noble, that the King of *Syracuse* himself cannot say he is my better. I came out of my Country to marry in this Kingdom, and for your Sake will return back. I give you infinite Thanks for your Present, and will not excuse myself from repaying it hereafter. The Knot I will keep as your Favour ; and since you have given me so much Cause of Grief, give me Time to lament it, though I hope so to resent it, that when you least think of it, you will hear News of his Death, who knew how to love you, but had not the Happiness to deserve you.

Aurora with much trembling made an End of reading the Letter, and not able to
C 2 restrain

restrain her Eyes, bath'd it in Tears. *Celia* came to her, and took out of her Hand the Occasion of her Grief, but that little avail'd, for she took it not out of her Breast; so that as she went through a long Gallery, she wrung her Hands, beseeching Heaven to increase her Father's Rigour, and *Arminda's* Hate, that they might contrive her Death. She went to look towards the Sea, imagining that her lost Lover was already embark'd; and coming thither, so excessive were her Tears and passionate Expressions, that *Celia* fearing she might offer some Violence to herself, amongst other Reasons said thus to her.

“ Is it possible, Madam, that a disproportion'd Affection should so extremely work
 “ upon you! I should not have believ'd this
 “ of your reserv'd Discretion, if I had not
 “ seen it. I confess *Pausanias* deserves to
 “ be lov'd, but you know he is not a Man
 “ equal to your Condition, nor can in Reason
 “ be yours; what Proof have you of
 “ his Descent, more than his own Relation?
 “ which may well be doubted, for the
 “ meaner Sort, where they are not known,
 “ give large Testimonies of their Blood.
 “ Alas (reply'd *Aurora*) that Uncertainty
 “ is my greatest Trouble: If *Pausanias* be
 “ as noble as he hath intimated, perhaps I
 “ might have attempted something you
 “ would little have suspected from my Reserve-
 “ servedness;

“ servedness; and I persuade myself it
“ might yet well be done, were it but to
“ free myself from Imprisonment: And
“ though I should marry into a strange
“ Country, I should not lose my Right
“ to the Kingdom after my Father; I be-
“ lieve his Subjects affect me so entirely,
“ that if they knew I were here in Prison,
“ he would have little Security either of his
“ Kingdom or Life. Tell me, *Celia*, what
“ can I hope for in this Castle but Death?
“ My Father is married, and in love:
“ *Arminda* governs the Kingdom, and
“ bears me so much ill Will, that I many
“ Times eat my Meat in Fear, suspecting
“ she hath sent something to kill me,
“ though I shall now need no other Poison
“ than the Absence of *Pausanias*. Oh, *Ce-*
“ *lia*, you would oblige me, if you could
“ contrive how I might speak with him,
“ and be better inform’d of his Quality,
“ that I may not continue thus in suspense:
“ If he be of mean Parentage, I will rather
“ die by mine own Hand, than admit a
“ Thought may stain my Blood; and if
“ to my happy Fortune he should prove (as
“ is not impossible) some Prince cast upon
“ this Island by Accident, be confident,
“ I would hazard my Life for my Liberty,
“ though in all Things I should first take
“ your Advice, that I might not err thro’
“ mine own Opinion.

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“ to my happy Fortune he should prove (as
“ is not impossible) some Prince cast upon
“ this Island by Accident, be confident,
“ I would hazard my Life for my Liberty,
“ though in all Things I should first take
“ your Advice, that I might not err thro’
“ mine own Opinion.

Celia was attentive to what she said, and compassionating her Tears, began to consider, if by any Means she might come to the Sight of *Pausanias*, without endangering his Life; she had an acute and ready Wit, but withal accompanied with so much Discretion, that whatsoever she undertook succeeded happily. After much Deliberation she concluded, that it was requisite (for Fear of his Enemies) not to see him for that Time; but that he should continue some Days in the Thickets of that Mountain, and then might come hither by Night, having Notice given him by *Libanius*, (one in whom she repos'd Trust.)

“ Thus far, reply'd *Aurora*, you have
 “ well ordered it, but what Means remains
 “ to speak with him? For to discourse from
 “ hence is very dangerous. If you will not
 “ hear me make an End, (reply'd the dis-
 “ cret *Celia*) neither can I let you know the
 “ Desire I have to serve you, nor you your-
 “ self obtain your Affection: I say, Ma-
 “ dam, that *Pausanias* coming to these
 “ Walls may get up, by our Assistance,
 “ and the Help of a Ladder, to this Part
 “ of the House adjoining to your Lod-
 “ gings: So that I having the Key of the
 “ outward Door, you need not fear, and
 “ by the Balcones that look towards the
 “ Sea, may discourse with him till you are
 “ satisfied concerning his Birth. Consider
 “ now,

“ now, if you find within yourself Love
 “ enough to embolden you for this Con-
 “ trivement: For my own Part I assure
 “ you that I am ready to lose my Life in
 “ your Service.

Aurora was by this much comforted, and embraced *Celia* a thousand Times; who by Letter advertis'd *Pausanias* of her Determination, she charged *Libanius* to deliver him the Letter, and attend him as a Guide. *Pausanias* had taken the Road towards *Sicily*, to try if he might find in that Way any of his lost Servants. *Libanius* overtook him, and deliver'd the Letter and Message from *Celia*: *Pausanias* receiv'd it as one that saw his dead Hopes revived, and having read it, and rewarded the welcome News, *Libanius* informed him of what he was to do. So passing through the wide Wood, they came to a poor Shepherds Cottage where *Pausanias* stay'd, and *Libanius* return'd to give his Lady Notice of what had passed. He continued there four Days, favour'd and cherish'd by *Aurora*, who every Day sent *Libanius* to visit him: and one Night, as dark as the Wish of any Lover could paint it, he came to the Palace, (or rather to the Sphere of the Sun of that Island) and dismissed *Libanius*, (for a Servant may not be Witnels to every Thing) then upon a Sign given, *Celia* and *Aurora* came forth, and letting down a Ladder of Cords, *Pausanias* in

in a Moment got into the Balcone, and having kiss'd *Aurora's* Hands as his Mistress, and *Celia's* as his Mistress's Lady, they led him through many Rooms, so richly furnish'd with Hangings, Chairs of State, and Pictures, that it shewed no less Magnificence than what he had forsaken in *Macedonia*. And coming to a Part that excelled the rest, as being furnish'd for Strangers, *Aurora* told him, that he might abide there, intimating how requisite Care and Obedience were, and that to attempt the contrary, was to put his Life in apparent Danger. Then so far reply'd *Pausanias*, I shall preserve it safe, having no Will but your Pleasure. *Aurora* gave him Thanks, telling him, that because her Lady was present, she omitted many Things which she reserv'd for more privacy; and taking her Leave shew'd him the Balcone by which they might discourse.

Pausanias was well contented with his courteous Entertainment, passing the greatest Part of the Day in contemplating that Miracle of Beauty; their mutual Affection increased equally (for by Conversation Love out-grows his Infancy) and as one Night they were both in Dispute, whether lov'd more truly (a Quarrel wherein it grieves none to be overcome) *Aurora* with some Expressions of Resentment, said thus:

“ I have long desired my *Pausanias* to
 “ know a Truth, though, for Fear of ex-
 “ posing

“ posing myself to the Hazard of dying,
 “ I have not demanded it ; but that I may
 “ not remain ever in this Suspence, I will
 “ boldly adventure my Life : It concerns
 “ me no less than my Honour and Quiet
 “ to know who you are, that I may dispose
 “ of myself with some Resolution, and
 “ hereof I require no other Testimony, than
 “ to know it from your own Mouth : For I
 “ have so great an Opinion of you, and re-
 “ pose so much Confidence in your Worth,
 “ that I am sure you will not deceive me.
 “ My Birth is noble, and so noble that no
 “ Woman can boast higher Blood : For
 “ this Lady on whom I wait (though my
 “ Mistress) in this hath no Advantage of
 “ me, as by the Favour she sheweth me,
 “ you may have gather’d the Inequality
 “ is not much. The Reason why we dwell
 “ in this Castle, I will not now let you
 “ know ; though, if your Answer suit with
 “ my Mind, you may : But in the mean
 “ Time I conjure you by myself, by the
 “ Love you bear me, and by that you owe
 “ me, to satisfy me in this Request, which
 “ I assure you detains my Soul in extraor-
 “ dinary Affliction.

Pausanias, oblig’d by *Aurora’s* Entreaties,
 was ready to have discovered himself ; but
 that he might with less Difficulty be believ’d,
 he answered, that he was only Son to the
 Admiral of *Macedonias*, a Man so eminent
 and

and beloved of the People, and of *Timenides* his King, that he possess'd the first Place in his Affection, and in the Government of that Monarchy. *Aurora* remain'd not discontented, since the Inequality was not so great as might deface the pleasing Hopes she had imprinted in her Breast. Only *Pausanias* was angry at himself, being conscious that to deceive her who rely'd so confidently on him was a Kind of Treachery: Yet this Offence was not inexcusable, in Regard it is scarce esteem'd a Fault to make Use of a slight Deceit to compass our Desire. He succeeded so happily in his Love, and so favour'd by the Divine Eyes of *Aurora*, that though he were not naturally distrustful, yet was he fully persuad'd of her Affection; and not without Reason, since the Expressions he had from her of this Truth confirm'd him in that Belief.

Aurora communicated to *Celia* all that had pass'd; resolving at last to let *Pausanias* know the true Causes of her Imprisonment, that he might deliver her out of it, and convey her where she might be secure from her unkind Father's Severity; yet would she conceal this Happiness a while, to make Trial of his Constancy, whereof she had no Need to exact so many Proofs; for he liv'd so contented only in loving her, that he scarcely employ'd any other Desire, though sometimes he wish'd himself elsewhere, that he

he might enjoy a nearer Conversation, yet with all Respect to her Honour. As he continued in this Mind, it fortun'd that *Aurora*, through some Indispositions could not be seen for four Days: *Pausanias* bearing with much Impatience this Absence (along one to so true a Lover) resolv'd to see her; and though such Boldness might violate the Promise he had made, he suppos'd the Occasion would excuse him, whereupon one Night, forcing the Lock, he came with as much Fear as Silence to the Bed where *Aurora* lay, who had then yielded to a short Slumber. He was astonish'd, not without Cause, to behold the most perfect Piece of Nature's Pencil; and setting down the Light he carried upon a little Silver Cup-board, began to contemplate that dead Beauty, and living Pattern of Divinity. Her Hair was loose upon her Shoulders, without more Confinement than a green Ribband; her right Hand under her Cheek, and her left carelessly upon the Bed, which with a Lover's Timorousness he took and kiss'd. *Aurora* perceiv'd that something did disquiet her, with her Eyes half open, like the Sun when he wakens the Day, saw a Man at her Bed Side; and as soon as she knew it was *Pausanias*, warm'd with a modest Bashfulness, she chang'd the Lillies of her Cheeks to Roses: She asked him, angrily, why he came thither? he answered, to see

see her: " I never thought (reply'd *Aurora*)
 " you had valued me so low as to prefer
 " your own Pleasure before my Entreaties,
 " and your Curiosity before my Honour. I
 " warn'd you, that to stir forth, concern'd
 " the Reputation and Life of us both;
 " which since you have done, judge what
 " I may justly think of you. You will say
 " Love was the Cause: Presumption de-
 " ceives you; you know such Testimonies
 " better consist with the Hazard of the
 " Man than of the Woman. Reserve this
 " Freeness, or rather Boldness, for Women
 " of meaner Quality: Rudeness is not par-
 " donable with every one: And be assur'd,
 " I am herewith so offended, that you can-
 " not oblige me in all your Life so much
 " as you have with this one Action dis-
 " pleas'd me. Return to your Lodging,
 " and despair not of Liberty, if you esteem
 " it an Imprisonment to be thus lockt up;
 " To-morrow I will speak to my Lady,
 " that with her Leave you may return from
 " whence you came; so rash a Man is un-
 " fit for high Designs.

Pausanias would gladly have reply'd to
 excuse himself, but *Aurora* would not suffer
 him, telling him of the Danger she incur'd,
 if he were discovered. Being thus forc'd to
 retire, he wish'd with Grief he might expiate
 this Enterprize with the loss of Life. *Au-*
rora was not so much displeas'd as she
 seem'd:

seem'd: Yet to let him know the Respect due to her Person, and to refine his Affection, she thought it Discretion not to see him for a few Days.

Mean while, the People (in *Sicily*) impatient of *Aurora's* Absence (whom they extremely lov'd) began to murmur at her Father's Cruelty, saying, what Mercy can Subjects expect from him that tyrannizes over his own Blood? It proceeded so far, that some with Clamours, others with Arms, required the Restitution of the Princess: The People's Insolency affrighted *Dionysius*, so that to dismiss them, and to comply with the Desires of his Subjects, Friends, and Kindred, he promised they should all suddenly see her: Hereupon he went out privately that Night with *Clearchus* his Favourite, and arriving where *Aurora* was, excused his Unkindness, and related the Reason of his coming; he commanded that immediately she and her company should make ready, for they must with all speed go to *Sicily*.

Aurora was so dismay'd as might have given occasion of Suspicion: *Celia* was struck dumb, and so suddain was their Departure, that *Aurora* had not time to weep. Nevertheless, *Celia* ordered it so, that she spoke with *Pausanias*, but with so much Perplexity and Fear, that she was hardly understood; in interrupted Expressions she said thus:

D

“ Now,

“ Now, Sir, the Time is come, that
 “ you may go out of this Prison, and en-
 “ joy the Desire you have to see *Sicily*;
 “ there is a Necessity that divides us. I
 “ believe the Love I bear you will seek you
 “ out wheresoever you are: One to whom
 “ my Fortune hath subjected me (more se-
 “ vere than his Relation requires) enjoyneth
 “ me to live absent from what I most es-
 “ teem; the Occasion is urgent, and he
 “ that commands powerful; so pardon
 “ me, and believe it lies not in my Power
 “ to excuse it: a Servant shall come hither,
 “ to bring you safe into *Sicily*, though not
 “ so soon as I could wish: more Witnesses
 “ than ordinary see me. Heavens give
 “ you Life to my Desire.

Sad and amaz'd was *Pausanias* at this
 Accident; sad, because *Celia's* Words
 seem'd to imply that he must lose her; and
 amaz'd, as being ignorant of the Cause:
 He could not apprehend the Meaning of
 what he had heard; sometimes imagining
 that he was sentenc'd to depart in Punish-
 ment of his late Boldness; sometimes that
 she meant to absent herself; and that which
 held him in greatest Suspence, was the re-
 flecting on her Words, That *one to whom by
 Fortune she was subject, less merciful than his
 Relation required, commanded her not to see
 him.* A Thing which she had ever conceal'd
 from him; but she referred the Discovery
 of

of this Truth to Time, the undeceiving
Glas. The Day following pass'd, and nei-
ther *Celia* nor the Maid appointed to attend
him visiting him; the Night came, when
making his accustomed Signal from the
Balconey, he was answer'd by his own Eccho:
then listning at the Doors, and perceiving
that all Things were in deep Silence he su-
spected one of these two Things, either some
strange Accident had happened, or *Celia*
dwelt no longer in that Place; having sur-
pass'd those Doubts, he resolv'd not to suf-
fer himself to languish, wherefore opening
the first Door with a Dagger, he went so
far till he came to the Chamber of his absent
Mistress, where looking round about, and
finding nothing but a dismal Solitude, he
began to think all was Illusion and Witch-
craft; and therefore confidently expected
his Death: Yet being Master of no less Va-
lour than Discretion, he drew his Sword,
and went up and down the Castle to try if he
could free himself out of those Enchant-
ments: at length coming into a Hall,
which to his thinking was the last, he saw a
small Light, and a little further four Men:
Drawing near them he said, they must ei-
ther suffer him to go out quietly, or prepare
for Death; for he was so resolute, that their
Lives seem'd but few to his Indignation.
They, amaz'd to see a Man where the Sun
(the great Lynx of Heaven) could hardly

enter, to do their Office, drew their timorous Swords upon him : But he had endangered all their Lives, if one of them, laying hold of a Halbert, had not held it to his Breast. The valiant Youth was mov'd ; for Fear is excusable where the Multitude of Enemies may assault on every Side ; yet considering withal, that to render himself, were to run the Hazard of being carried dishonourably to *Sicily*, he would rather undergo the Danger, than preserve his Life with the stain of Coward ; he charg'd them to dispatch him, or else he would adventure to change Fortunes with them. At these Words they were all daunted, and through Fear had not Courage enough to strike. At last they agreed, not only to let him depart, but that one should accompany him past Danger of the Way ; because that Place was so encompass'd with Mountains and Woods, that they who were best acquainted with the Defart, often lost themselves.

Pausanias gave them Thanks for the Curtesy, though it rather proceeded from Fear than good Will ; and taking Leave of them, went forth into the Wood, with one that held himself the most valiant among them : Before they parted, he entreated him to tell him who was Owner of that Castle, and to oblige him the more, put into his Hand a rich Diamond Ring ; scarce had he

he receiv'd it, (though with many Protestations that he needed not any Reward to serve him) when he confessed that it was a House of Pleasure, . where *Dionysius* us'd to divert his Mind from the Cares which attend Affairs of State ; though it were long since he had resorted thither, by Reason his fair Daughter *Aurora* had dwelt there privately, whom last Night (mov'd by the Importunity of his Subjects) he carried back to Court. " Had this Princess (said *Pausanias*) no " Ladies that attended her? Yes, reply'd " the timorous Flatterer, but there is only " one, call'd *Celia*, who deserves her Affection : For, besides that her Beauty is " as singular as her Discretion, she is " Daughter to the Prince of *Arfinda*, one " of the greatest and most eminent in all " *Sicily*." *Pausanias* with this Information was less afflicted : He dismiss'd the Man, determining to go conceal'd to Court, to see his Dear, though absent *Celia*.

Let us leave *Pausanias* in this Mountain, whilst *Aurora* seeks Means to advertise him of the Suddenness of her Departure, and *Celia* writing (as she us'd) a Letter in her Name, gave it to *Libanius*, commanding him to go where he was, and to bring him thence unperceiv'd if it were possible : It succeeded not as *Aurora* and *Celia* desir'd : For *Clearchus* a Favourite of the King's, had long lov'd *Celia*, and she favour'd him not only

by her Eyes and Affection, but by the Pen, assuring him by many Letters, that none but he should ever possess her Beauty. Neither was she mistaken in her Choice: for *Clearchus* in every Respect was her equal, and had so high a Place in the King's Esteem, that he was never from his Side. This Love was kept so private, that none but herself and Heaven knew of it. *Clearchus* by chance asking *Libanius* whether he went, he freely told him, on a Message from *Celia*. Seeing a Letter in his Hand he began to mistrust her Constancy: For long Absence occasions Suspicion of Injury. Disguising himself the best he could, he took Horse and went after him; but could not guess at the End of his Journey, because he went directly towards the Sea. It was already Night when he entred into a Fisher-Boat; *Clearchus* quitting his Horse, went over with him: When both were in the Wood, *Clearchus* bad him deliver what he had about him; *Libanius* supposing he was a Thief, drew forth the Crowns that *Celia* had given him, and laid them at his Feet; then begun to strip himself, to shew that he had nothing else about him. *Clearchus* finding the Letter, promised him his Life, if he would tell for whom it was; and so wrought with him, that poor *Libanius* confessed all that he knew. *Clearchus* confirm'd in his Suspicion, restor'd him

him his Crowns, doubled ; kept the Paper, and charg'd him to return to *Sicily*.

Clearchus remain'd solitary, grieving that he thought himself undeceiv'd ; and finding a poor Shepherd's Cottage hard by, hasted thither, where taking a Fire-brand instead of a Torch, he drew out the Paper, broke the Seal, and read what follows.

I Have been very sensible of this Absence ; the rather because I am in such a Condition, that I cannot communicate my Resentment to you : My Excuse is the Truth, which you shall hereafter know more at large. If upon Sight hereof you come to Court and discover yourself to his Majesty, I am confident his Nobleness will esteem of you according to your Merit. That you may the less delay the Performance of this Request, I say no more, but that I am (as ever) Yours,

CELIA.

Nothing can express the passionate Fury, or the Arguments wherewith this misapprehending Lover complain'd of *Celia's* ill Usage, and the Injustice towards his Affection. He was about to go back, with Intent to tear him in Pieces who was the Cause of this Jealousy ; but a compassionate Shepherd dissuaded him, entreating him to pass the

the rest of the Night under that Shed : for to do otherwise would shew Indiscretion.

Glearchus (though with small Content) yielded, and laying himself down upon a fresh Bed made of Flags and Hay, saw hard by him a Man sleeping, who by his Shape and Person seem'd of the best Quality : Demanding who he was, the Shepherd answer'd, that four Hours since he came to their Cottage, and desired to rest under that Covert, to avoid the Sharpness of the Night.

Pausanias (for it was he that slept so securely, having his greatest Enemy beside him, and had been glad to find this poor Cottage where he might repose himself, wearied with Travel) awaking, perceived that he was not alone, but heard him that was by him, with sad Complaints curse his Love, Jealousy, and Fortune.

Pausanias list'ning, was troubled at what was said, but much more at the Mention of *Celia*, a Name that disquieted his Soul. Observing him more diligently, he heard him thus discourse to himself :

“ Is it possible (ungrateful Woman) thou
 “ canst find in thy Heart to dispossess an
 “ Affection of so many Years and Pains ?
 “ Could not thy Quality acquit thee of
 “ Lightness ? Oh *Celia*, how doth a deceit-
 “ ful Promise misbecome one that profes-
 “ seth so much Worth ? Dost thou so inju-
 “ riously requite so observant a Lover ?

“ I

“ I persuade myself the Reason why thou
“ enjoynest me to conceal my Affection,
“ was for Fear of making thy *Pausanias*
“ jealous. But I vow never to return
“ Home, till he hath satisfy’d my Jealousy :
“ Ungrateful, I will begin my Revenge
“ in killing him whom thou lovest best ;
“ I will proclaim thy Lightness : The
“ World shall know, these six Years that
“ I have served thee, I have been in such
“ Favour with thee, that thou never usedst
“ Pen but to assure me thou wert mine.
“ Thou hast deceiv’d thy self, false Woman,
“ deserting me for a Stranger, that cozens
“ thee with Profession of Nobility. What
“ canst thou say to excuse thyself, since this
“ Letter under thine own Hand speaks thy
“ Unworthiness, and my Misfortunes ?

Pausanias hearing this, was in such Perplexity that he could not believe himself to be awake. Impatient that any Man should profess himself favour’d of *Celia* (to defend her Reputation, and to chastise his foolish Arrogance) he arose and told him, that the Part of his Sorrows which he had heard troubled him as much as himself ; but if a Sight of *Pausanias* would allay his Anger, the last Night he was with a Gentleman of the same Name, and perhaps they might find him in the next Wood. “ I shall not
“ be so happy, said *Clearchus*, for I know
“ my ill Fortune when I desire a Thing.

“ Yes,

“ Yes, I believe you may, reply’d *Pausanias*.” Then lighting a dry Olive Branch he invited him to come after, promising that within a few Hours he would bring him to him.

Thus went they forth together, and coming to the most intricate Place of the Wood, *Pausanias* stuck the Light upon a Tree, and drawing his Sword, resolutely said to him :

“ I am *Pausanias*, thy greatest Enemy ;
 “ I love *Celia*, and must enjoy her, though
 “ the King of *Syracuse* himself should oppose it. Since thou say’st that thou seek’st
 “ me earnestly, make Use of this sudden
 “ Occasion which is offer’d thee. If thou
 “ refus’st to draw thy Sword because thou
 “ knoweth me not, be assur’d, my Quality
 “ is so noble, that whosoever thinks he
 “ hath any Advantage of me, deceives
 “ himself. I have served *Celia*, if not with
 “ as much Secresy, yet with more Affec-
 “ tion : If she heretofore lov’d thee, and
 “ now forgets thee, complain of thy For-
 “ tune, not her Easiness ; and since thou
 “ say’st the Letter which thou unjustly detaineth was sent to me, give it me, for
 “ I will put it amongst others that I have
 “ of hers ; if not, I will force it from thee.

“ Do not think (answer’d *Clearchus*) thy
 “ Menaces move me : My Heart is form’d
 “ for higher Enterprizes, and e’er long thou
 “ wilt

“ wilt repent this foolish Rashness. Yet
“ that thou may’st know the Cause why I
“ sought thee so earnestly, and with what
“ Reason I complain of *Celia*, hear her
“ Falshood, and thou wilt confess that I
“ have not spoken very extravagantly of
“ her. *Celia* and myself have these many
“ Years reciprocally exchange’d a pure and
“ secret Affection; but she being necessi-
“ tated to absent herself from me for some
“ Reasons, I was so unhappy that in that
“ Time she saw and lov’d thee: If she had
“ neglected me for Love of thee, I had less
“ Reason to complain; but she was so far
“ from Neglect, that she never favour’d me
“ with larger Expressions than now; and
“ that thou may’st not think these Calum-
“ nies, proceeding rather from Jealousy
“ than the Truth of one that respects his
“ Honour, see whether it be false or no:
“ So drawing out of his Breast many Let-
“ ters and Papers, he cast them at his Feet.

Pausanias read some of them; amongst
others his own, and another which the same
Day she had written to *Clearchus*. A good
while he took not his Eye off from the Pa-
pers, it seeming to him impossible there
should be in the World a Woman so facile
and so cunning: But at last being fully per-
suaded of her Falshood, he gathered toge-
ther all the cozening Letters, and threw ’em
into the Fire, as if he could consume so many
Deceits

Deceits at once. Thereupon *Clearchus* with his Sword in Hand bad him, if he were a Gentleman, prepare to defend himself: For it was not fitting it should be said in *Sicily*, that having had his Enemy in the Field he left him alive. Thou shalt not need to prevent me, answered *Pausanias*, for that was the only Reason why I drew thee out into this Wood: And so assaulting him furiously, the Combate began, without any apparent Advantage on either Side. *Clearchus* was the more weary, as being less dextrous in the Exercise of Arms. *Pausanias* avoiding a Blow that he made, falsify'd another, and wounded him dangerously in the Head. *Clearchus* having his Face bathed in Blood, lost not his Courage, but inflam'd with Revenge, assaulted *Pausanias* so desperately, that he was forced to use all his Skill to guard himself. The clashing of their Swords disturb'd the Shepherds that went whistling their Sheep together. They came in the Instant, when the loss of Blood abated Strength, but not Courage in *Clearchus*. They all ran in to him, seeing him the more necessitated, and carried him Home to their Cottage, where with medicinal Herbs they entertain'd and cured him.

The valiant Prince (no less astonish'd at the Courage of *Clearchus*, than at the Lightness of *Celia*) expected the Approach of Day, with Intent to take shipping, and return

turn to his Country. He went towards the Sea, and discoursing with himself on the various Events of his Fortune, saw a Ship, which by its Loss of Tackling and Sails, shew'd it had suffer'd the Anger of inconstant *Neptune*. He observ'd the Arms it carry'd, and knowing they were his, drew nearer to satisfy himself: But this Doubt lasted not long; for *Leontius*, Son to the Admiral of *Macedonia*, leaping ashore with his Company, knew him, and gave thanks to Heaven for the Favour it had vouchsafed them in preserving his Life.

They related to him, how that after a long Tempest and imminent Death, it pleas'd Fortune to appease the Sea: But all of them bewailing their Prince's Absence, resolv'd not to return to *Macedonia* without him, since he might possibly escape alive. *Pausanias* gratified their noble Resolution, with Favours and Rewards. He caused them to repair their Ship, determining to go privately into *Sicily*; that they might not return unsatisfied to *Macedonia*; to see if the Beauty of *Aurora* pleas'd him; and to revenge himself on the inconstant *Celia*.

With this Resolution he went to Court; but his Arrival could not be so private, but *Dionysius* had Notice of it, and immediately gave him a Visit, bestowing such extraordinary Favours upon him, that Words sufficed not to express his Thankfulness. *Dionysius*

carried him to see the Princess; knowing her Beauty to be the chief Motive of his coming thither.

Pausanias amaz'd when he perceiv'd *Celia*, to whom he spake, to be by all call'd *Aurora*, was ready to have accus'd *Dionysius* of Imposture; but *Leontius* (who had been Ambassador before in *Syracuse*) assuring him it was *Aurora*, he was almost distracted, and not treating with *Dionysius* any further in that Business, he resolv'd to return to *Macedonia*, since a Woman engaged to another in Love, was not fit to be his Wife.

Aurora's Thoughts were very different from his, for perceiving her good Fortune, that *Pausanias* was every Way equal to her, she thought the Time long till she had some means to accomplish her Affection.

Celia already was inform'd of the Quarrel that had been betwixt *Clearchus* and the Prince. And as *Aurora* was once complaining of him, for not coming to solicit that which he so much desir'd, *Celia* told her, that the Reason why he was so cool in his Love, was the Deceit of her Letters, and thereupon recounted all that past, advertising her, that this Mistake was as well Cause of her losing *Clearchus*, for he was infected with the same Jealousy; so that it concern'd 'em both to discover the private Device her Love had made Use of. *Aurora* excusing the Prince's Indifferency, in Regard it proceeded rather

rather from his own Honour than Neglect of her, called *Clearchus*, and discover'd to him the whole Business, that he might not suspect any Thing in Prejudice of *Celia's* Honour; she commanded him to go visit *Pausanias* from her, and to let him know the Mistake that had detained him in Jealousy.

Clearchus now freed from all former Suspicion, obey'd, and having kiss'd the Prince's Hand, ask'd Pardon for drawing his Sword against him, though unknown. *Pausanias* told him, " he was engag'd to " love his Valour, and to desire his Friendship. I must requite this Honour, answered *Clearchus*, with welcome News; and then related the Occasion of *Aurora's* living in the Castle; and how imagining he was below her Greatness, she had disssembled her Name; changing it for *Celia*, until she were fully inform'd of his Condition; how to avoid the Danger of having her Letters known, she caus'd *Celia* to write for her; how the Reason of his going to find him in the Wood, was because he had for many Years loved *Celia*, as he had gather'd by his Words, and seeing the Letter with her Seal he was confirm'd in his Jealousy, blaming the Affection of guiltless *Celia*.

The Prince was surpriz'd with Wonder and Joy at this Relation of *Clearchus*, and casting his Arms about his Neck, in Sign

of Love and Delight, said, the News was so conformable to his Wishes, that only Time could express how highly he esteem'd it. Then went he to treat with *Dionysius* concerning his Love; who promised her to him, thereby requiting the Compliment of having left his Country; neither was any more worthy of the Princess, and immediately they writ to *Timenides* the Prince's Father about their Agreement.

Pausanias had now Opportunity to visit her, and to expostulate the favourable Deceit, whereby she had caused his Jealousy. Their Espousals were solemnized with the greatest Pomp that *Sicily* ever beheld, jointly celebrating those of *Clearchus* and *Celia*, whose Constancy merited a Success no less fortunate. Within a few Days they embarked for *Macedonia*, attended by all the Magnificence of the Court.

Timenides received them with the Joy of a Father, who supposing his Son lost or dead, found him so much improved in all Things; then feeling himself burden'd with Years, and through Infirmities unable to be the *Atlas* of that Weight, he transferred the Crown to his Son's Head: And that the Pleasure of so true an Affection might be compleat, Heaven was pleased to bestow on their first Year a Son. *Pausanias* and *Aurora* living and loving so unanimously that every Day seemed the first of their Marriage.



LOVE'S

By Boscan.

EMBASSY.

Translated by Thomas Stanley.

IN the bright Region of the fertile East, (Brow,
Where constant Calms smooth Heav'n's unclouded:

There lives an easy People, vow'd to rest,

Who on Love only all their Hours bestow :

By no unwelcome Discontents oppress ;

No Cares, save those that from this Passion flow,

Here reigns, here ever uncontroul'd did reign,

The beauteous Queen sprung from the foaming Main.

Her Hand the Scepter bears, the Crown her Head,

Her willing Vassals here their Tribute pay :

Here is her sacred Power, and Statutes spread,

Which all with cheerful forwardness obey :

The Lover by Affliction hither led,

Receives Relief, sent satisfy'd away :

Here all enjoy, to give their soft Flames ease,

The pliant Figures of their Mistresses.

Love:

Love is the Subject all their Talk implies ;

Enamour'd is the Season of the Year :

Every thing kills with Love, or for Love dies :

Without Love's Pass, there is no coming near.

Love is their Traffick, Stock, and Merchandize :

Love is the only Business every where.

When the young Trees thrust their fresh Blossoms out,

The smiling Branches seem with Love to sprout.

Love every Structure offers to the Sight,

And every Stone his soft Impression wears.

The Fountains moving Pity, and Delight,

With amorous Murmurs drop persuasive Tears.

The Rivers in their Courses Love invite,

Love is the only Sound their Motion bears :

The Winds in Whispers sooth these kind Desires,

And fan with their mild Breath, Loves glowing Fires.

Amidst a wide, green Plain, the Royal Seat

Of this Majestick Queen is sweetly plac'd.

About it runs a purling Rivulet,

On either Side by spreading Trees embrac'd :

From whose thick Boughs, with constant Shades repleat,

The Day in her Solstitial Pride is chac'd :

These bloom with fragrant Blossoms all the Year,

And Nightingales their trillo practise here.

A thousand petty Rills there are beside,

Which in uncertain Windings loosely stray :

And by wild Labyrinths their Current guide,

One crossing wantonly the others Way.

The softer Murmurs of whose pleasing Tyde,

To their Embrace the Virgin Flowers betray ;

Which, with a bashful Niceness, trembling fall

Into the Stream, obsequious to Love's Call.

A Tower there is which this large Plain defends,
Kept by the Boy who o're all Souls prevails :
Here every Morn and Evening, he ascends,
And with his Arrows all the Earth assails.
The Wounds he makes, Art with no Cure befriends ;
His Mark he never sees, yet never fails.
The subtil stroke, at first, infers no Smart,
But on the sudden, gnaws the tortur'd Heart.

Weary with shooting through the darkned Air
These feather'd Tempests, mighty Love comes thence,
Enclos'd by thousand lesser Loves, a Share
To every one alike he doth dispence.
Affection is committed to their Care :
They also have the Power to wound our Sense ;
But their blunt Shafts can only raze the Skin,
And vulgar Souls, to vulgar Pleasures win.

In the remotest Corner of this Land,
Down in a vail, there is another Seat :
About it woody Mountains tott'ring stand,
To overlook the Shadows they beget :
Whose twisted Branches Day-light countermand :
With darkness all, all is with Night repleat :
The worst of Sorrows, and Misfortunes, dwell
With the sad Owner of this luckless Cell.

Dire Jealousy ; fear'd, and afraid of all :
Whom the Queen sometimes sees in Compliment,
And to divert the Mischiefs, that befall
Her wretched Servants, piously is bent.
She her Inheritance this Place doth call ;
And from the Royal Blood boasts her Descent.
The sacred Queen of Love, though she disdain her,
Because so near a-kin, bound to maintain her.

The

The Discontents that on this sad Wretch wait,
 She with her native Joys, sweetly allays :
 Amongst her People, (Strangers to Debate)
 Here lives and loves, and others Loves surveys..
 Pleasure, her Chamber, and her Chair of State,
 Richly adorns ; Pleasure, her Limbs arrays.
 The Loves of such blest Souls, as with most true
 Devotion serve, are always in her View:

These swell with Pride, that their fair Queen, before
 Her other Subjects, their Desires prefers :
 Of Lovers who obtain what they implore,
 The Praise and Victory, is only hers.
 With her, their pure Affections sacred Store,
 Repose the conquer'd, and the Conquerors.
 Their Stock continual Interest doth fill,
 Much by good Fate increasing more by ill :

She all these Suppliants distinctly knows,
 And purifies the Flames wherein they burn..
 Much Time with pious Diligence bestows,
 To ease the Miseries of such as mourn.
 Takes an exact Account of all their Woes,
 To give them of Delight a full Return.
 And to this End, in her admired Name,
 A general Assembly doth proclaim.

Now rose the smiling Star that guilds the Face
 Of our dark Sphear, at whose Approach grow dim
 The sparkling Gems of Night, forc'd to give Place
 To one whose Beauty far out-rivals them ;
 When *Venus* left her Court, the Plains to grace ;
 Her Love, and Jealousy attended him.
 Jealousy, Plague of every amorous Breast,
 Which with most Spite the fairest doth infect.

Forth

Forth comes this Queen of Beauty, and Desire,
 Her tresses playing with the wanton Air,
 Bright her Complexion is, white her Attire,
 Sweetness, and Majesty, her Glances share,
 Her Eyes, which Men adore, and Gods admire,
 Forbid to hope, nor suffer to despair.
 Including all the Graces in one Look,
 That *Zeuxes* from *Crotonian* Virgins took.

When all her People were together met,
 First to the midst, then round about she goes;
 And as she views them, an enlivening Heat
 On every Heart her radiant Eyes disclose:
 Commands her Son appoint to each his Seat,
 And every Lover in his Rank dispose;
 The little Herald, place for all prepares,
 According to the Quality of their Cares.

She saw the Loves of all this numerous round,
 Alike successful were, alike were pleas'd.
 Their Grievs by mutual Kindness softned found;
 Their Discontents by joint Delight appeas'd.
 All with Fruition of their Wishes crown'd;
 All of their Sorrows by each other eas'd.
 She saw them in Affection kindly strive,
 And by Exchange their happy Passions thrive.

Happy indeed these present Lovers were;
 But of the absent, bitter Discontents,
 In several Shapes, were represented here;
 Unequal Aims, the different Accidents,
 Of Love, and Scorn, Temerity and Fear:
 Perplexed Thoughts, expecting worse Events;
 And all the sad Varieties of Fate,
 Which on these disagreeing Lovers wait.

Seeing so many of her own undone,

This Queen was mov'd with Sense of their Distress ;
And since no other Way was left to shun
The rigorous Cause of their Unhappiness,
Strait on an Embassy commands her Son ;

And in this Language doth his Charge express ;
Whilst, as she spake, the list'ning Winds were chain'd
To her soft Accents, Floods their Course restrain'd.

Son ! thou art equally concern'd with me,

In all Mishaps that on our State depend :
Thou seest the Harms our Subjects suffer ; Thee
To undeceive, and cure their Grievs, I send.
A World of fickle, faithless Souls, there be,
Who to the sacred Name of Love pretend :
And what more than my Wrongs my Thoughts doth vex,
The Blame of this, lies chiefly on our Sex.

Indifferent Lovers, loosely by the same

Affection, are at once, to many led :
Inconstant, treacherously their Faith disclaim,
Their fleeting Vows no sooner taught, than fled.
Ambitious Honour court, whose sickly Flame
No longer lasts than by that fuel fed,
These Coyne's counterfeit, and those Desire ;
To stain my Name, and Credit, both conspire.

But some there are, who impiously protest
Against our Laws, and our just Power despise ;
To Scorn and Pride, are Votaries profess :
And o'er their Fellow Subjects tyrannize.

These will infect, if not in Time suppress,
Our pure Religion with black Heresies.
These, whom in vain it were with Force to invade,
By Reason bend, and in these Words persuade.

Fair Rebels! who your lawful King depose,
 And fondly your Allegiance cast away;
 To give Admittance to his mortal Foes;
 And in his Room Disdain and Pride obey:
 'Tis Love, who Beauty on the Fair bestows:
 Tribute to Love, the Fair are bound to pay:
 Him, who your Beings gave, you would destroy,
 And 'gainst himself, the Arms he lent imploy.

This Deity, whose sacred Name you slight,
 Is Master of Content, commands all Pleasure;
 Will entertain you still with new Delight, (sure;
 More Joys, than Hours, your happy Lives shall mea-
 'Tis Justice to yourselves, to do him right;
 No other Way left to secure your Treasure.
 Bold Time will force the Prize for which Love sues,
 And rob you of the Wealth you would not use.

Strict Punishment, besides, you must expect
 From the just Powers you impiously incense:
 They your Contempt severely will correct,
 In others to prevent the like Offence.
 Your Prayers, too late presented, will reject;
 No Vows, no Tears, shall with their Rage dispence.
 Choose then the safe, if not the pleasing State,
 Reward attends your Love, Revenge your Hate.

This said, a general Shout past through the Throng;
 In which, her Subjects their Applause declare.
 Her Chariot then she mounts, and all along,
 Scatters rich Perfumes, through the ambient Air.
 Thousands of Loves wait on her with a Song;
 All to her Court with equal Joy repair.
 There every Lover his Delight renews;
 Whilst her glad Son, his Mother's Charge pursues.

